

Having Fun by orphan_account

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Summary:

It was definitely karma, or something. To be honest, Steve couldn't say he was too surprised, not when he'd figured it was only a matter of time before Nancy or Jonathan found out he was ticklish. The thing was, Steve wasn't nearly as ticklish as Jonathan, who was sensitive just about everywhere, nor was he very ticklish in obvious places like Nancy with her ribs or feet.

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Having Fun

Jonathan raised an eyebrow when Steve arrived at Nancy's house, dropping his bags down on the floor and stomping over to collapse on her bed. "You look..."

"Like shit," Nancy supplied when Jonathan failed to finish his sentence. Jonathan snorted, and Steve groaned into Nancy's pillow. "You better not be getting sweat and dirt all over my bed."

"I took a shower before I got here. Baseball practice sucked," he said, voice muffled by the pillow since he was entirely unwilling to sit up, or move, ever again. "And I didn't get much sleep last night either, thanks to your dumb brothers and their dragon games."

Despite not looking at either of them, he could practically feel Nancy's eye roll and Jonathan's smile. "Well, you're the idiot that decided to play with them," Jonathan said, and, well. Steve couldn't argue with that. It really hadn't been that bad, even if Max kept making fun of his D&D illiteracy, Mike and Jane didn't stop making googly eyes at each other, and Dustin had spent nearly the entire time excitedly whispering all the rules and intricacies of gameplay into Steve's ear. They were a bunch of shits, but for middle schoolers they weren't the worst to hang out with.

Or Steve was just a loser. It really could be either.

"You have no one to blame for this but yourself," Nancy said cheerfully. "But, because I'm an amazing girlfriend, I'll make us some hot chocolate."

"You're the best," Steve said. He felt the bed dip as Jonathan sat down next to him.

"Pick out a movie for when I get back," Nancy said, before she left the bedroom and her footsteps faded as she walked down to the kitchen.

Steve turned his head to the side to look at the small collection of VHS tapes on Nancy's bookshelf. "What do you want to watch?" he

asked.

“Whatever,” Jonathan replied.

“Same.” Steve sighed and returned to his attempt to sink into Nancy’s bed. He heard Jonathan stifle a laugh.

“Want a back rub?” he offered.

“Yes,” Steve said instantly. “Oh my god yes, that sounds amazing.” At that, Jonathan did laugh, though Steve couldn’t find it in him to mind, especially when Jonathan’s hands started massaging out the knots in his shoulders and back, making Steve feel more relaxed than he had all day.

“How did you get this tense?” Jonathan wondered aloud as his fingers dug into Steve’s muscles.

“Hell if I know,” Steve said, still facedown on Nancy’s pillows. “Life is stressful.” And wasn’t that an understatement. Steve couldn’t remember the last time he hadn’t been at least a bit stressed since... well, since way too long. Who would’ve figured living in Hawkins would be so exciting.

Lost in his thoughts and the comfy, hazy feeling settling over him thanks to the massage, Steve didn’t realize how close Jonathan’s fingers had gotten to his armpits until they squeezed in just the right spot to make Steve wiggle a bit.

Jonathan’s hands froze for a moment before repeating the motion. Steve couldn’t help his resulting twitch.

It wasn’t a second later that Jonathan’s fingers wormed their way under Steve’s arms and began to tickle him mercilessly. Much as he tried to resist, Steve couldn’t help the burst of laughter that fell from his lips.

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places like Nancy with her ribs or feet. However, he was definitely still ticklish and Jonathan was probably owed a bit of payback for the number of times Steve had tickled him.

But that didn't mean Steve wasn't going to fight back. Or at least try to, because he actually wasn't in a great position to resist being tickled. "This isn't fahahair!" he protested, trying to simultaneously keep his arms clamped to his sides, and reach behind his back to somehow push Jonathan away. The move was only successful in allowing Jonathan to fully stick both his hands under Steve's arms and tickle him more.

"Why not?" Jonathan teased, wiggling his fingers. "I'm just helping you relax."

"You cahahall this hehelping?" Steve exclaimed. He considered trying to roll over onto his back - it would make it easier to potentially tickle Jonathan, but it could also give him better access to Steve's armpits, and with Jonathan pinning him down Steve wasn't sure he could even manage it without sending them both off the bed. The decision was made for him when Jonathan's fingers drilled into the sides of Steve's ribs, right below his armpits, and then he wasn't even sure he could move.

He heard the door open somewhere behind them, and Nancy's snort as she took in their position. "Nahahancy, help me!" Steve immediately asked, not at all above begging when it came to certain tickle spots.

"I don't know," his girlfriend replied, sounding amused. "Are you sure you need help?"

"Of course not, he's having fun," Jonathan said. "You could come help me instead."

"Nohohoho!"

"So many choices," Nancy mused as she walked over to join them on the bed. "Well, it's hardly fair that Steve should have all the fun." To Steve's mild surprise, he heard Jonathan's laughter and felt the other boy's fingers leave his back. Finally able to roll over, he turned

around to see Nancy digging her fingers into Jonathan's sides.

"You said you wehehere going to hehehelp me!" Jonathan protested. He briefly attempted to push Nancy's hands away but seemed to realize it was futile after Steve joined in, and resorted to covering his face with his arms instead.

"I am helping," Nancy said. "You were helping Steve have fun, and now we're both helping you." She looked over at Steve and gave him a wink, and Steve couldn't help but respond with a grin. For all he might protest, they both knew Jonathan loved being tickled, which meant that ganging up on him really was fun for all three of them.

"Besides, you're way more fun to tickle," Steve added. "After all, you're ticklish everywhere." Leaving Nancy to tickle Jonathan's sides, Steve's hands roamed across his stomach and up to his ribs, eliciting a jolt and loud burst of laughter. "What, can't handle a little tickling?" Steve teased.

"Lihihike you're any behehetter!" Jonathan protested.

"Ooh, he's got you there, Steve," Nancy laughed. "Although," she said, turning her attention back to Jonathan, "you are definitely much more ticklish than either of us." She pushed up Jonathan's shirt and wriggled her fingers over his stomach, then poked a finger into his navel and began swirling it around.

"Nohoho, Nahahancy!" Jonathan protested. It seemed like he had given up on struggling altogether, and was enduring their tickling with his hands clamped over his face, almost succeeding in hiding his flushed cheeks. Steve couldn't get over how adorable it was, especially when he poked his fingers under Jonathan's arms and got a snort of laughter in return.

"Guess you're ticklish here too," he teased.

"Plehehehease, it tihihickles too much!" Jonathan laughed, flinching at a sudden flurry of tickles from Nancy upon his stomach. His hands over his face weren't enough to hide his wide smile, and Steve grinned.

“But we haven’t even gotten all of your worst spots yet!”

Steve looked to Nancy, who said, “Yeah, think of everywhere we’ve missed. Where should we try next?”

“Nohohowhehere!”

“Feet,” Nancy said, at the same time that Steve suggested, “Knees?” They paused and looked at each other.

“Both?”

“Both sounds good.”

“You’re the wohohorst!” Jonathan exclaimed, laughing uncontrollably as Steve and Nancy simultaneously launched tickle attacks on his knees and bare feet, respectively. Steve was sure that Jonathan would find a way to get him back again eventually - and Nancy, for that matter. But they could enjoy tickling their boyfriend while it lasted.

Author's Note:

Another old work, which can be found on tumblr here: <http://calmturquoise.tumblr.com/post/168934334530/having-fun>